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BRILLIANTS



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BRILLIANTS

FROM

FRANCES E. WILLARD.



FRANCES E. WILLARD

Born, 1839 Died, 1898

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Selected from the Writings of

FRANCES E. WILLARD

By ALICE L. WILLIAMS



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BRILLIANTS

FROM

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

WE have no more need to be afraid of the step just ahead of us than we have to be afraid of the one just behind us.

* * *

God accounts nothing slight that brings a tear to any eye, a stinging flush to any cheek, or a chill to the heart of any creature He has thought fit to make and to endow with body, brain, and soul.

* * *

If it be true that we have need to say, "God help us when we think ourselves

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strong," I believe that the opposite is equally true; nay, that we need Him most when most distrusting our own capabilities.

* * *

The new movement for the study of the Bible, as the finest of English classics, introducing it into colleges and seminaries of the highest grade, is full of possibilities for Christian progress and development. The marvel is that Christian scholars should ever have permitted the heathen classics to outrank the psalms of David, the visions of Isaiah, and the wonderful philosophy of the four Gospels. But something else needs to be done on the same line, and must become universal before we can fairly call ourselves other than a practically pagan republic. This is the teaching of those principles of ethics that are found in the Scriptures and questioned by no sane mind, whether Jew or Gentile, Catholic or Protestant. No general movement toward making our great public school system an ethical system has yet been inaugurated, except by the Woman's Chris-

tian Temperance Union; and this kingdom of heaven has come to the children of the land, as its wont is, "not by observation," but so quietly that our people hardly know the good thing that has happened to them.

The effort of good women everywhere should be to secure the introduction of a text-book of right living — one that should teach the reasons for the social code of good manners, every particular of which is based on the Golden Rule, and those refinements of behavior which involve the utmost kindness to the animal creation, including the organization of Bands of Mercy in all our public schools.

All this is sure to come, and that right speedily, as a consequence of the awakened interest of women everywhere in the subject of education, and their increasing power along these lines. The time will come when it will be told as a relic of our primitive barbarism that children were taught the list of prepositions and the names of the rivers of Thibet, but were not taught the wonderful

laws on which their own bodily happiness is based, and the humanities by which they could live in peace and good-will with those about them.

The time will come when, whatever we do not teach, we shall teach ethics as the foundation of every form of culture, and the "faith that makes faithful" in every relation of life will become a thing of knowledge to the child of the then truly Christian republic. For we can never teach these things and leave out Christ as the central figure, and His philosophy as the central fact of our system of education. At the same time our teaching must be as far removed from anything sectarian or involving the statement of a creed, as the North Star is from the Southern Cross. There will be no trouble in those days about opening school with such extracts from the Bible as have been agreed upon by men and women of all faiths, and the repetition of the Lord's Prayer with its universal benignities will be a matter of course. It is for the Woman's Christian



Temperance Union to work on quietly to this end, without haste, without rest.

* * *

Woman, like man, should be freely permitted to do whatever she can do well.

* * *

What the world most needs is mothering, and most of all in the spirit's natural home, the church, and on the Sabbath day. It needs the tender sweetness of the alto voice, the jubilant good-will of the soprano, in sermon as in psalm; tenor and bass become monotonous at last, and the full diapason of power and inspiration is impossible except we listen to the full chorus of humanity. God hasten that great chorus, in church and state alike, with its deep-hearted love and its celestial hope!

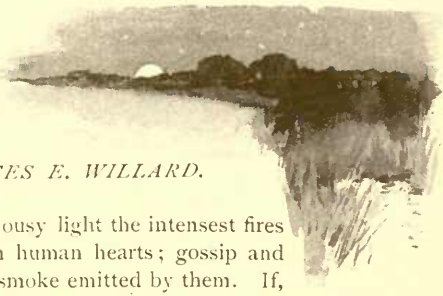
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It is not uncharitable to judge an act as good or bad, but we should be very slow to judge the actor bad. Only by rising to the sublime sense of our sacred sisterhood with

every woman that breathes, be she good or bad, foreign or native, bond or free, shall we find our individual pettiness covered and flooded out of sight by the most inexorable force of all the universe, the force of Love.

If I could have my wish for all of us, it would be that in our measure we might merit what was said of that seraphic woman, Elizabeth Barrett Browning. It is an ideal that we shall all delight to share: —

"Persons were never her theme, unless public characters were under discussion, or friends were to be praised, which kind office she frequently took upon herself. One never dreamed of frivolities in her presence, and gossip felt itself out of place. Books and humanity, great deeds, and, above all, politics, which include all the grand questions of the day, were foremost in her thoughts, and, therefore, oftenest on her lips. I speak not of religion, for with her everything was religion. Her Christianity was not confined to the church and rubric; it meant civilization."



Envy and jealousy light the intensest fires that ever burn in human hearts; gossip and scandal are the smoke emitted by them. If, as has been said, these passions could, like some modern chimneys, be consumers of their own smoke, a purer and a better atmosphere would then prevail.

In all the battle of opinion that rages, and must rage until a better equilibrium is reached in this great nation, be it ours, beloved sisters, to remember that "When either side grows warm in argument, the wiser man gives over first."

Good-breeding has been called "the apotheosis of self-restraint." But the higher evolution is not to need restraining, but to have that inward quietness which, when God giveth it, "who then *can* make trouble?" All strife in manner, word, and deed, grows out of worldliness; and to this there is but just one antidote, and that is Other Worldliness.

One look into the silent heavens, and all our earthy jargons seem unworthy; one

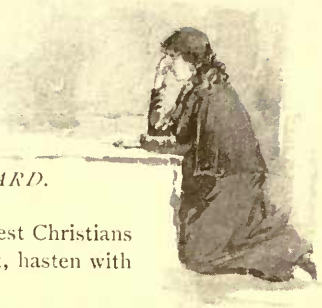
deep tone of the forest's mystical Æolian, and our deeper hearts respond in tenderness; one solemn strain out of the sea's unutterable anthem, and the soul hears in it that "something greater" that speaks to the heart alone.

All true souls know that this is true. "Let my soul calm itself, O God, in Thee" sings the stormy spirit of St. Augustine. "Live without father and mother, but not without God," cries Count Tolstoï from Russia, that centre of the world's unrest.

"We should fill the hours with the sweetest things,
If we had but a day.
We should drink alone at the purest springs,
In our upward way.
We should love with a lifetime's love in an hour,
If the hours were but few,"

are the sweet lines of our own Mary Lowe Dickinson.

And these are the words of a great but



unnamed saint: "The strongest Christians are those who, from daily habit, hasten with everything to God."

* * *

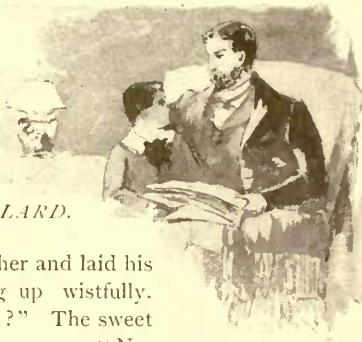
Our Woman's Christian Temperance Union is a *school*, not founded in that thought, or for that purpose, but sure to fit us for the sacred duties of patriots in the realm that lies just beyond the horizon of the coming century.

Here we try our wings, that yonder our flight may be strong and steady. Here we prove our capacity for great deeds; there we shall perform them. Here we make our experience and pass our novitiate, that yonder we may calmly take our places and prove to the world that what it needed most was "two heads in counsel," as well as "two beside the hearth." When that day comes, the nation shall no longer miss, as now, the influence of half its wisdom, more than half its purity, and nearly all its gentleness, in courts of justice and halls of legislation.

Then shall one code of morals — and that the highest — govern both men and women; then shall the Sabbath be respected, the rights of the poor be recognized, the liquor traffic banished, and the home protected from all its foes.

Born of such a visitation of God's Spirit as the world has not known since tongues of fire sat upon the wondering group at Pentecost, cradled in a faith high as the hope of a saint, and deep as the depths of a drunkard's despair, and baptized in the beauty of holiness, the Crusade determined the ultimate goal of its teachable child, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, which has one steadfast aim, and that none other than the regnancy of Christ, not in form, but in fact; not in substance, but in essence; not ecclesiastically, but truly in the hearts of men. To this end its methods are varied, changing, manifold; but its unwavering faith these words express: "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."





FRANCES E. WILLARD.

A little boy came to his father and laid his hand upon his knee, looking up wistfully. "Do you want a penny, child?" The sweet face glowed, and the answer came, "No, papa; only you." So it is with the child of God; he does not want the good things of the world one-millionth part so much as he wants to know his Father's love. This is a true test for each of us, and by it we may know whether we are really in the faith.

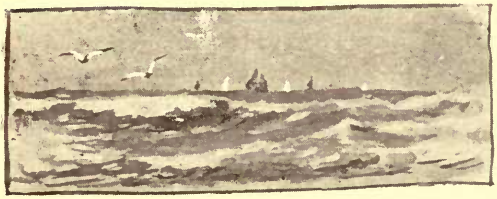
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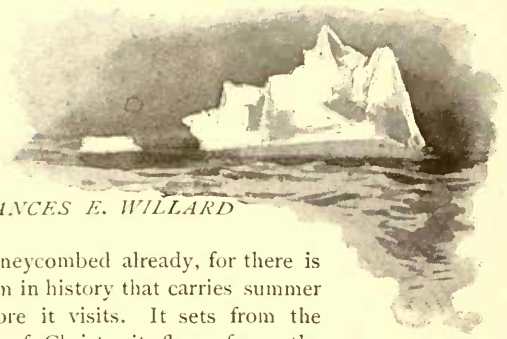
Let me give you the sweet words my mother used to speak as the talismanic charm to still my turbulent spirit in girlhood days: "Hath any wronged thee? Be bravely revenged. Slight it, and the work's begun. Forgive it, and 'tis finished."

* * *

Let me give you also De Tocqueville's words for a motto: "Life is neither a pleasure nor a pain. It is serious business, to be entered on with courage and in a spirit of self-sacrifice."

Crossing the ocean once our captain said, "There is an iceberg somewhere near. I know it by the mercury's falling and many other indications." We had no inkling of it; but he tacked the ship always with the iceberg in mind, though not in view. At last the sun came out, the fog dispersed, and we saw the spectral invader from the Arctic seas gleaming, savage, portentous. The captain told us what its fate would be. It would soon enter the Gulf Stream, and, faring on, would be invisibly honeycombed through and through, though still making a formidable appearance above the water-line. But it would grow gradually less, and at last in a whirling motion would disappear in a vortex of its creation. Since then it has come to me many times that from the Arctic seas of unwritten ages, when victorious warriors made themselves drunk, using the skulls of the vanquished as their goblets, the liquor traffic has been moving down upon us, not less cold, stern, and deathlike than the iceberg that I saw. But out of sight beneath the water-





FRANCES E. WILLARD

line, it is honeycombed already, for there is a Gulf Stream in history that carries summer to every shore it visits. It sets from the warm heart of Christ; it flows from the Bible's open page; and by its mild and steady power this whitened monster of a savage age has become disintegrated far more deeply than we think. It is even now tottering to its fall, and shall ere many generations disappear under the steady resistless stream of love toward God and love to man caused by the gospel's rising wave on every island on every coast.

* * *

Our strongest foundation in the temperance reform is the training of the people to know the sacredness of that "thus saith science" which is but an echo of the Bible's "thus saith the Lord." Be it our happy task always with voice and pen to applaud every scientific discovery, to appreciate every scientific mind, to welcome as friends all those who are investigating nature, for each and every one of them, whether he knows it or not, is a servant

of the Most High, and a pioneer who has struck out into the forest of ignorance and superstition to blaze the trees that the great army of mankind may march along the broader and the safer path. The two guardian angels of humanity are Science and Faith.

"They dwell apart, that radiant pair,
In different garbs appear,
And while the voice of man they share,
Have separate altars here

A golden lamp the one displays,
A light still clear and keen;
The other walks 'neath starry rays,
With sometimes clouds between.

The voice of one enjoins the wise
To pause and wait and prove;
The other lifts expectant eyes,
And only murmurs — Love.

Both teachers of celestial birth,
To each be credence given;
To Science that interprets earth,
To Faith the seer of heaven."

Herbert Spencer, who is to our century what Francis Bacon was to the sixteenth, repudiates over and over again the charge of materialism. He has recently said: "It is impossible to give more emphatic denial or to assign more conclusive proof than I have repeatedly done in rebutting this charge. My antagonists must continue to vilify me as they please. I cannot prevent it. Practically they say it is convenient to call you a materialist, and you shall be a materialist whether you like it or not."

Perhaps these are the strongest utterances of 1891 against the flood tide of that crude opinion that would rule out of the universe the power behind all other powers whom we call God. It should cause us to be thankful and take courage that one whose intellect has come nearer than almost any other to encircling the mighty realm of thought thus far attained by man, deems himself wounded and slandered by the intimation that he has not seen and felt the power of that endless life from which all our lives have sprung.

Questions about our attitude toward different creeds are often asked me, and I have no answer better than the one that you perhaps have noticed this year floating in the great Gulf Stream of the daily press: "Our creed is Jesus Christ. Any belief in Him — the smallest — being assumed better than any belief about Him — the greatest — or, for that matter, about anything else." There are many denominations, but the different branches bear the self-same fruit; they all draw life from the same hidden root, which we seeking it know as life.

* * *

These are days in which "the stars in their courses fight against Sisera." The progress of science revealing the rationale of the irrepressible conflict between man and alcohol; the progress of invention, putting the public more and more at the mercy of men who handle ocean greyhounds and cannon-ball express trains, telegraph keys, and telephone transmitters, self-loading pistols and self-unloading dynamite; the progress of

philanthropy, unsealing new fountains of good-will in human hearts — all these forces of God work for us while we sleep, with a power vastly more pervasive than any that we set going when we wake. The slow, steady lift of evolution, bearing every atom nearer to the stars, carries on the crest of its measureless waves our sacred cause of a clear brain. The widening wonder of Christ's gospel, which to my mind includes all that is worthy of mention in this world, whether wrought out by hand or head or heart, is in itself the central sun of temperance reform, of which our work is but a bright adventurous ray.

* * *

The Knights of Labor have a glorious motto: "That is the most perfect government in which an injury to one is the concern of all." That idea must be worked out into custom and law, and we will help to do it; but that idea has sobriety and prohibition at its core.

* * *

There are two doors now open that I

would, had I the power, lock before sunset: first, the mouth of the moderate drinker, by enlarging his scientific knowledge and mellowing his heart in wiser love to God and man; and next, the door that shuts every brewery, distillery, and grog-shop. The key that would do this is prohibition by law, prohibition by politics, and prohibition by woman's ballot — may we soon grasp it in our firm and steady hands! We can do this: we propose to do it: we will do it. Well has it been said by that heroic leader, Ellice Hopkins, of England, "I cannot" is a lie on lips that say, I "believe in the Holy Ghost." The king is the man that can, and they are kings in character who, as the combat deepens, still cry, "On, ye brave."

* * *

Understand this first, last, and always: The world wants the best thing. It wants your best.

* * *

Men explore continents because they are physically strong, but by as much as a sun-



beam is more potent than a bar of iron or a wedge of gold, is it greater to explore the continent that lies environed by every brain and breast, the wonderful land that we call human nature, with its wild plains of passion, and its well-tilled valleys of peace; its jungles of cruelty and its gardens of sweetness; its rough ore of purpose and its finished gems of culture; its gurgling brooks of youth and its calm rivers of maturity; its hills of talent and mountain peaks of character, touched with the snow of unsullied purity and glorious with eternal sunshine from God's presence, while, "poured 'round all," is "old ocean's melancholy waste" of impenetrable mystery.

Who would mould iron, or carve granite, using the coarse and evanescent materials of the outer world, when, within this magic world of the undying soul, she might work with her own sweet will, felling the forests of prejudice, draining the marshes of ignorance, mining the glittering gems of thought, and quarrying the pure gold of affection? For

my part, I believe the steady head of the world, when clarified from alcohol and nicotine, will perceive that its supreme achievements are in the continent of philanthropy, in the fertile valleys of human nature, not in the coarse mud-embankments and roaring sluiceways of our present material civilization.

Then let us glorify the vocation of motherhood above all other, for the only Queen that shall survive is the mother on her rocking-chair throne, with a curly-headed subject kneeling by her side, a soft hand on its pure forehead, and its sweet voice saying, "Now I lay me down to sleep." But that mother must be regnant over all earthly powers, even the divine one that dares invoke another life; she must be God's and her own, a free woman to whom shall never come the annunciation of her highest office and ministry save from the deepest intuitions of her nature responding to the voice of a love so pure that it is patient and bides its time until the handmaid of the Lord shall say: "Be it unto me even as thou wilt."




Hiram Putnam Barnes

I do not see any way out for this country, which cannot very well go back on its position as to manhood suffrage except to improve the quality of the voting by admitting its intelligent women, and barring out the ignorant women, thus putting a premium upon knowledge and character as conditions of the voter. It is my opinion that if matters go on as they have done for the next ten or twenty years, the best manhood of the land will come to the women imploring them to accept the franchise and deliver the country. Last year half a million foreigners of the baser sort immigrated hither. We cannot indefinitely stand such a strain as that, and in no way can we bring the American element into our governmental life except by introducing the women. Such a test as I intimate would bar out the ignorant colored woman and foreigners, and place the balance of power in the hands of the abler classes mentally and morally among the men and women of the republic.

This would be done in no spirit of un-

friendliness toward the classes debarred, but only to give them the highest possible motive for improving their minds — namely, the promise of participation in the government — and in order that when thus improved we may have a decent government for their participation and development.

* * *

I am proud to belong to the Universal Peace Union and the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and to echo every word uttered by Frances Power Cobbe, of England, and George T. Angell of America, those brave defenders of the gentle faith that "Nothing is inexorable but love," and that we are —

"Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels."

My shepherd collie, "Prohibition" ("Hibbie," for short, and "Hib," for shorter), is a perpetual gospel to me, as he reaches out his shaggy paw with a wise look in his eyes that



seem to say, "Have patience with me, and it shall grow to be a hand."

* * *

Life has but one problem to solve: how self may be driven from the throne and love placed there in its stead. Practically worked out, this problem is to substitute for the old motto, "Each for himself, and the Devil take the hindmost," this truer one, "Each for the other, that there may be no hindmost for the Devil to take."

How shall life in its purpose and environment most completely lend itself to love? All sincere reformers are to-day occupied with this supreme inquiry.

For myself, I have become convinced that while the indwelling of God's spirit by its transforming power can alone meet and mellow our hearts so that the selfishness will thaw out, and the glow of love replace its Arctic cold, the best practical application of a loving heart will come through Christian socialism; co-operation driving out competition, community of goods replacing the wage

system, and "all ye are brethren" becoming the watchword of a holier, happier time. When I recite the Creed these days, it means vastly more to me in every way than it did ten years ago; but no shining sentence in it has gained a brighter glow than the words, "I believe in the communion of saints." I now think that this refers to the purer days of Christ's early church, when, as the New Testament so simply and beautifully says, "They had all things in common." There were then no rich, no poor, but all dwelt together in unity of the spirit and the bond of peace. I believe this condition of things is as sure to return as Christ is true, and I urge my sisters to pray and study much this living question, warm with the love of God and of humanity.

* * *

It is not learning, nor eloquence, nor generosity, nor insight, nor the tidal rush of impassioned feeling which will most effectually turn the dark places in men's hearts to light, but that enkindling and transforming temper



which forever sees in humanity not that which is bad and hateful, but that which is lovable and improvable, which can both discern and effectually speak to that nobler longing of the soul which is the indestructible image of its maker. It is this — this enduring belief in the redeemable qualities of the vilest manhood — which is the most potent spell in the ministry of Christ.

* * *

The highest genius predicts the most universal sympathy. A shut-up soul and a shut-up oyster are nearer the same level than the soul believes. One can be exclusive on small intellectual capital, but only broad, far-sighted minds can be inclusive.

What we call lack of charity is usually lack of perception. If we knew more, we should love better. The divine mind knows all and loves all. From human nature's ever vocal Gerizim sounds the beatitude, "Blessed are the inclusive, for they shall be included," and from the Mount Ebal of its malediction sounds

the doom, "Cursed are the exclusive, for they shall be excluded."

* * *

The will is the kingbolt of the faculties, the keystone in the arch of character, the engine that trains after it the remainder of what we suppose ourselves to be.

* * *

"Act as if God were, and you shall know He is." We must begin by doing, that is the changeless law. Do His will, and you shall know of the doctrine. A river is not judged by its shoals, but by its current; and in like manner a life is not judged by its eddies of temptation, but by its tendency, its direction, its goal. If our life is headed toward God and immortality, people will know it, we shall know it, God will know it; and we must not be discouraged by any instance on our part of failure: if we fall, we must just get up and try again. We are not here to float the float of faith, but to fight the fight of faith.

The will is the final factor of our life. We cannot make the weak excuse that we are unable to believe it is our business to believe the best things we have ever heard and known, — the things from which the best character has been evolved. Scientists, inventors, explorers, all go forward by a working hypothesis; they lay down a certain plan of supposition, and fill that in by action. The architect goes by his working-plan in building; and the Christian goes by his in building that noblest of all edifices, character.

To my mind the whole primer of Christian living may be condensed into these words: "Act as if God were, and you shall know He is." If force is the nearest approach we make to God in the material universe, may not force of will approach Him closest in the spiritual realm? The difference between a man and a mollusk is that one has resolute aim, and the other, for all we know, has aimless revery.

The German poet, Hoffman, pitifully said

with his last breath, "We must then think of God also." Happy is he who early determines not to put God among the "alsos," but to make Him the keystone of the arch.

* * *

Why is there so little political enthusiasm? Because a great people can be stirred only by a great cause. Tennyson said that every horse on the highway nowadays pounded out by its very trot the word, "Prop-er-ty, prop-er-ty, prop-er-ty." In our own land commercialism has held its dollars so close to the average voter's eyes that he seems absolutely hypnotized. No wonder the campaign interests chiefly those who have or want office. Meanwhile the liquor power stands at the middle of the seesaw, and adds the balance of its campaign subscription wherever in either of the two parties its local interests lead it to deem investments most advantageous to its ascendency. . . . Let us do our best to brighten the turbid stream of politics, to plant along its banks sweet flowers and

trees whose leaves shall be for the healing of the nations. Women are slowly and surely coming to their own. Their own is to work side by side with men everywhere, for the place in which a pure woman may not work, no man should ever enter. In the illimitable future I see a long avenue, stately and fair, in which through every line of life the two shall go together, blessing and blessed.

* * *

Whenever human society finds out that all of its affairs are really affairs of the family, it will learn that they should be managed not by one sex, but by two. The segregation of the sexes is an offence against nature's first law. The great work of the coming century is the career open to all that are capable, even if they are women. We make no limitations other than those imposed by nature, which are much too inexorable to need re-enforcing by man-made legislation. We do not ask that women should do what they cannot do. If they cannot, that ends the controversy. But there must be no *a priori* masculine de-

cision as to what women can or can not do. They must be allowed to put their capacity to the test, nor must the gate of the testing-house in state or in church be barred against the entry of any candidate for trial, even if she be a woman. What we want is the recognition of the fact that there should be no more discrimination against a sex than there is against a sect. . . . It is not good for man to be alone in church and in state any more than in the family. Man deteriorates when deprived of the constant alliance and co-operation of woman.

* * *

It is not enough that women should be home-makers, but they must make the world itself a larger home.

* * *

I object to the fatuity that sets the woman who would "mother" a state, a nation, or a race over against the one who mothers her own offspring, as if the former lacked the motherly nature and character. Any one broad-minded enough to inquire into the ex-

perience of history, and cosmopolitan enough to generalize therefrom, knows that there is no real antagonism between women nobly famous and women heroically obscure.

* * *

The two hands are a picture of the contending forces of capital and labor. The left, less skilled, more choice, served often by its fellows, and decked with rings; the right, forceful, ingenious, busy, unadorned. Only by bringing them together can harmony be had and a full day's toil accomplished. If they contend, they work each other's ruin; if they combine, they reach each one its utmost. Met for work and clasped in prayer, these hands of capital and labor shall bring that social compact which it is their office to develop and defend up to its best estate. Fighting each other, they will but mar and finally destroy the social fabric — and the left hand of capital will first give way under the pitiless blows of labor's strong right hand.

The word co-education constantly takes a wider meaning. As related to the education of young women, it is a fact accomplished, but the co-education of mind and hand is now a living issue among leaders. The words of the wise thinkers are becoming the works of the practical doers. Carlyle said long ago that "the idle man is a monster." Rousseau declared that "rich or poor, strong or weak, every idle citizen is a knave." It will hardly be another generation until all education will be based upon the training of the hand, and not to know some useful trade or art will be to confess one's self below the pauper line in intellect. There are few objects more pitiful than the graduate from college who can turn his hand to no useful pursuit. The cunning of the human hand has wrought all the marvels of material civilization; by it man is more widely separated from the brutes than by any other member. In a high sense these words of a great philosopher must appeal to all. In order "to know the truth it is necessary to do the

truth." Balance of character, which is its highest culmination, cannot be adequately reached until mind, heart, and hand, that splendid trinity, become co-ordinate, and move as smoothly as the wheels of the great Corliss engine.

* * *

Some regard it as a misfortune that this has been a year unparalleled in our country in respect to strikes, lockouts, riots, indeed, of every symptom that can confirm the truth of a mighty and growing unrest in the will and purpose of the masses. To me these symptoms are most hopeful. If disease is in the body politic, by all means let it come to the surface. The poorest physician among us knows that no outward application can cure the difficulty; only a blood medicine will reach it, for the difficulty is organic and deep-seated as nature itself. The failure of severe measures is the precursor of more gentle and reasonable treatment of the disease. . . . It is a most hopeful fact that the president of one of our largest consolidated railway com-



binations declares that only by profit-sharing can strikes be prevented: the employee must feel that he owns part of the road, that he may own all that he will by steadfast industry.

* * *

There are two sides to the question, "What constitutes this brotherhood of man of which we speak so much?" The progress of science develops every year more clearly the significant fact that all men are brothers whether they will or not, if not for weal, then for woe. . . . God has said it, not by any arbitrary decree, for this He never does, so far as our studies of nature indicate, but in the constitution and course of things He has said, "All ye are brethren." Only by making this the major premise of our lives can we attain true happiness: the sooner we find it out, the better for us; the sooner we learn that it is true, the sooner we clasp hands in concerted purpose and endeavor to enact brotherhood upon earth, the more shall we be made in the image of man, rather than show forth the lineaments of serpents and of





beasts; for the hiss of the snake and the teeth of the hyena are not more savage, relentless, and cruel than those laws and customs by which the greater number are steadily ground under the heel of the lesser, and a human being becomes the cheapest thing on earth, the least desired, and the worst cared for.

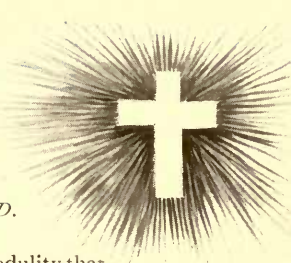
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In the old pastures by the river I was wont to watch the beautiful green grub filling itself with food from the hazel twig, to which it was attached, and cradling itself for the mysterious change by which it should become ethereal instead of cumbersome. It used to come to me then in the dim thought of childhood, that when the grub shelled out the fascinating little airship of the skies, another grub crawling along the bough of my pretty hazel bushes would not even know what had occurred, but so far as its dull intelligence could take in anything, would be sure to regard its disrupted comrade as having met with some great calamity, for the grub's eyes

are too heavy to see the bright, ethereal butterfly; perhaps, indeed, the change was looked upon as a disaster when its first birth-pangs and its last came on the dead larva.

We have a right to think that so it may be — nay, it must be — as between the soul and body. It is far more conformable to reason that a viewless and beautiful being should rise from the ruins of the human form than from the ruins of the grub. Suppose a man should build a ship and freight it with the rarest works of art, and in the very building and the freighting should plan to convey the ship out into mid-ocean and there scuttle it with all its contents. Here is the human body, in itself an admirable piece of mechanism, the most delicate and wonderful of which we know; it is like a splendid ship, but its cargo incomparably outruns the value of itself, for it is made up of love, hope, veneration, imagination "and all the largest of man's unconquerable mind." Why should its maker scuttle such a ship with such a freightage? He who believes





that this is done is capable of a credulity that far outruns the compass of our faith.

* * *

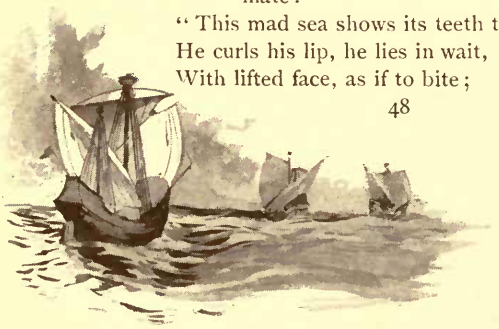
We are explorers sailing on the seas unknown; the new world is what we seek; the kingdom of heaven among men. The white-ribbon ship has all sails set; its prow points toward the untracked sea. We seek a land fit for the planting of our Saviour's cross. Columbus, harassed by his men, was the prototype of all adventurous souls hindered by the scruples of the timid and prejudices of the conservative. Well has the poet of the Sierras put the contrast, and in parting let me give my final message in his words:—

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind, the gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone;
Brave Admiral, speak: what shall I say?"
"Why, say, 'Sail on, sail on, and on.'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly, wan, and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I speak, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
'Sail on, sail on, sail on, and on.'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the scared mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead:
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral; speak and say."
He said: "Sail on, sail on, and on."

They sailed and sailed. Then spake the mate:
"This mad sea shows its teeth to-night.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted face, as if to bite;



Brave Admiral, say but one good word —
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leaped as a leaping sword:
"Sail on, sail on, sail on, and on."

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck —
A light, a light, a light, a light!
It grew: a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn;
He gained a world! he gave that world
Its greatest watchword, "On! and on!"



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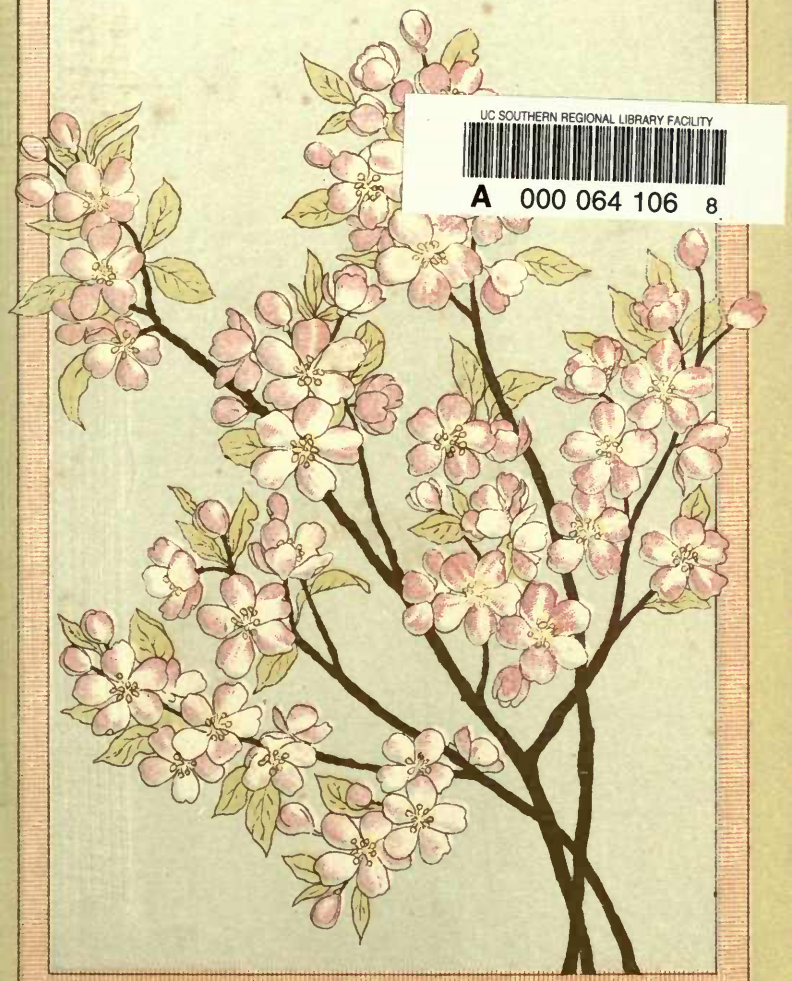
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